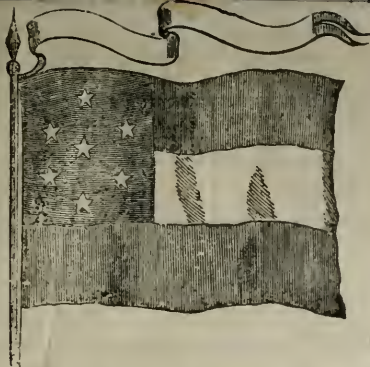


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# THERE IS LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

Though the soil of old Maryland echoes the tread  
Of an insolent soldiery now;  
And a lurid glare reddens the sky overhead  
From the camp fires' light below;  
Though from mountain to shore the hoarse cannon  
roar;  
And from border to border are sentinels set,  
Whose bayonets shine in unbroken line—  
There is life in the Old Land yet.

Though by treacherous hearts and unloyal hands  
Betrayed and disabled to-day;  
And deserted at need by her sons, she stands  
Confronting an armed array;  
Though tyrannous might hath o'erborne the right—  
Hath discrowned and despoiled her—and men for-  
get  
As they bow the knee, that they once were free—  
There is life in the Old Land yet.

But though patient and mute she is still undismayed  
Though passive she is not subdued,  
Though she shrieks from unsheathing her trusty blade  
In a fratricidal feud,  
Not long will she kneel when Oppression's heel  
On her neck is, by Monarch or President, set;  
And the blood even now is mantling her brow—  
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

She remembers with pride what her children have  
done  
In the perilous days of yore;  
And will never relinquish the rights which they won  
Or disgrace the flag they bore.  
Then let those beware who boastfully swear  
They will conquer her now, for their vaunt will be  
met;  
And the Maryland men shall be heard of again—  
For there's life in the Old Land yet. 5783.5



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